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Whistle and I'll Come to You My Lad

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WHISTLE AND I'LL
COME TO YOU
MY LAD.

Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Though father, and mother, and a' should
go mad,

Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
An' come na unless the back yet be a-gee,
Syn'e up the back style, and let nae body see,
An' come up as ye war na' cumin to me.

Oh! whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, where'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na' a flea;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye war na' a looking at me.

Oh! whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care na' for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court nae anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wiles your fancy frae me.

Oh! whistle, &c.



DARK EYE'D
MAID OF CADIZ.

Thro' many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
There are none abroad, and few at home,
Can match the dark eye'd Maid of Cadiz.
Her charms, her charms, each heart must
move,

Of all who venture to behold her,
And let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder.

CHORUS.

Tho' born beneath a brighter sun,
To love ordained the Spanish Maid is,
But who when fond and fairly won,
Enchants you like the Maid of Cadiz.

But when beneath the evening star.
She mingles in the Gabelearo.
Or sings to her tuned guitar,
Of Christian Knight, or Moorish hero.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold,
For where it loves, it loves sincerely,
And tho' her heart will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.
Tho' born beneath, &c.

[Pitts, Printer, London,]